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DELL
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10¢

NO. 255

ZANE GREY'S

PICTURIZED EDITION

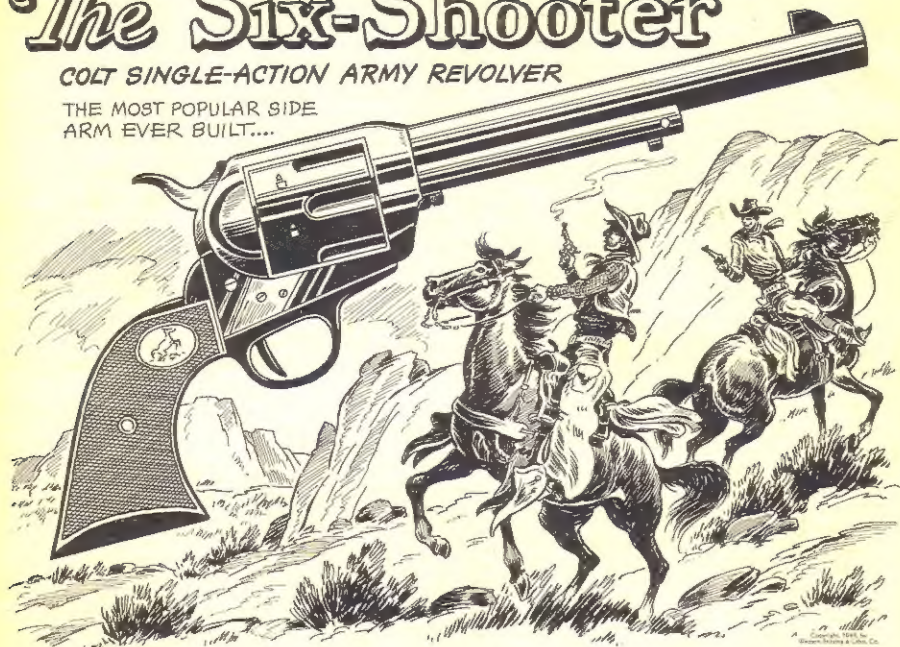
The Ranger



The "Six-Shooter"

COLT SINGLE-ACTION ARMY REVOLVER

THE MOST POPULAR SIDE
ARM EVER BUILT....

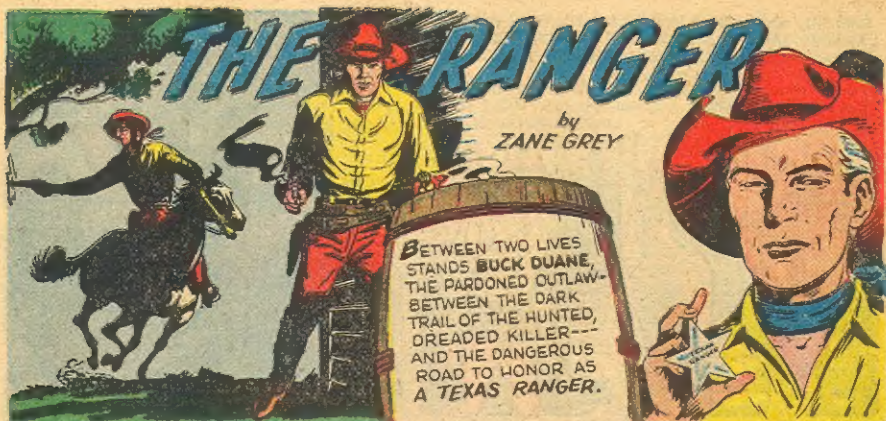


THE FRONTIER MODEL, PEACEMAKER, HOGLEG, SIX-GUN, OR SINGLE-ACTION ARMY REVOLVER WAS FIRST PLACED ON THE MARKET IN 1873 AND IS STILL BEING MANUFACTURED. FOR ALMOST SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS IT HAS BEEN THE FAVORITE WEAPON OF COWBOYS, FRONTIER MARSHALS, AND ALL THOSE MEN WHO LIVE IN REMOTE SECTIONS AND WANT A GUN THAT IS DURABLE, STURDY, AND FOOLPROOF. THIS

SIX-SHOOTER MAY BE HAD IN THREE DIFFERENT BARREL LENGTHS, 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ ", 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ", OR 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". IT IS OBTAINABLE IN SEVERAL CALIBRES—32-20, 38 SPECIAL, 357 MAGNUM, 38-40, 44 SPECIAL, 44-40 AND 45 COLT. IT IS CLAIMED THAT MANY OLD-TIME PEACE OFFICERS AND GUNMEN FILED OFF THE TRIGGER OF THESE GUNS AND FANNED THE HAMMER, THEREBY

GIVING THEM AS MUCH SPEED AS IS ATTAINED IN MODERN DOUBLE-ACTION OR AUTOMATIC WEAPONS. THE HOLSTERS FOR THESE GUNS WERE MADE SO THEY TIPPED SLIGHTLY FORWARD AND WITH THE TRIGGER EXPOSED IN ORDER TO MAKE A QUICK DRAW POSSIBLE. FOR A LONG TIME CARBINES OR SADDLE RIFLES WERE AVAILABLE IN 32-20, 38-40 AND 44-40 CALIBRES, THEREBY MAKING IT NECESSARY TO CARRY ONLY ONE SIZE OF CARTRIDGES TO FIT BOTH SIX-SHOOTER AND RIFLE. DOUBLE-ACTION REVOLVERS WERE INTRODUCED IN THE 1870'S AND 80'S AND THE FIRST SWING-OUT CYLINDER REVOLVER WAS ADOPTED BY THE U.S. NAVY IN 1889. HISTORY STATES THAT "BILLIE THE KID," NOTORIOUS GUNMAN AND OUTLAW, CARRIED ONE OF THE FIRST DOUBLE-ACTION REVOLVERS, A 41 CALIBRE COLT.





BUCK DUANE, I WANT YOU TO FORGET THE GHOSTS OF PAST YEARS.....YOU'RE A RANGER, NOW---WITH THE BIGGEST JOB IN ALL TEXAS!

IT'S A JOB ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN---BREAKING THE OUTLAW POWER IN THE BIG BEND.

IT WILL BE ONE MAN AGAINST AN OUTLAW KINGDOM, DUANE! YOU'RE BEST FITTED TO LEARN ITS SECRETS--- TO ARREST OR KILL ITS MYSTERIOUS CHIEF CHESELDINE--- AFTER THAT, CALL FOR ME AND MY MEN.



I'D LIKE TO THINK THAT I'D NEVER KILL ANOTHER MAN, CAPTAIN. I'VE GOT ENOUGH BITTER MEMORIES.....BUT I'LL DO WHAT'S GOT TO BE DONE AS A RANGER.

VAYA CON DIOS, BUCK DUANE. AND REMEMBER---CHESELDINE IS THE KINGPIN. GET HIM AND YOU'LL HAVE THE LOT.

I RECKON SO, CAPTAIN. ADIOS!

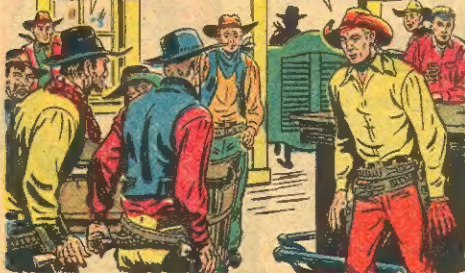
THE TROUBLE IS, BULLET..... THAT NONE BUT A FEW ACE OUTLAWS PRETEND TO KNOW WHO THIS GENT CHESELDINE IS.



AND SO, MATCHING WITS AND NERVES WITH
LAWLESS MEN, BUCK DUANE MOVES THROUGH
THE RUSTLER STRONGHOLDS OF THE TEXAS HILLS.

MAYBE YOU AIN'T ON
THE DODGE----MAYBE
YOU'RE A SPY!

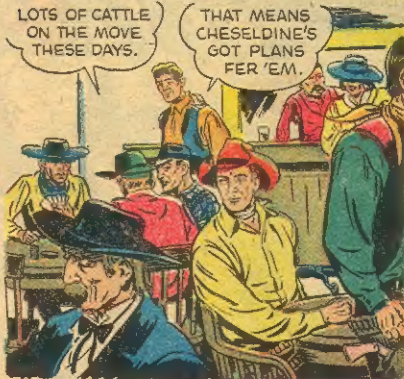
SUIT YOURSELF, GENTS!
ANYTIME YOU WANT TO
START SOMETHING....



SOMETIMES OVERHEARING A GUARDED SPEECH...

LOTS OF CATTLE
ON THE MOVE
THESE DAYS.

THAT MEANS
CHESELDINE'S
GOT PLANS
FER 'EM.



SOMETIMES CLEVERLY DRAWING OUT BITS
OF INFORMATION FROM LESSER OUTLAWS.

THEY SAY CHESELDINE'S CAMP IS
IN A DEEP GULCH, BACK OF
MT. ORD---BUT I NEVER
BEEN THERE.



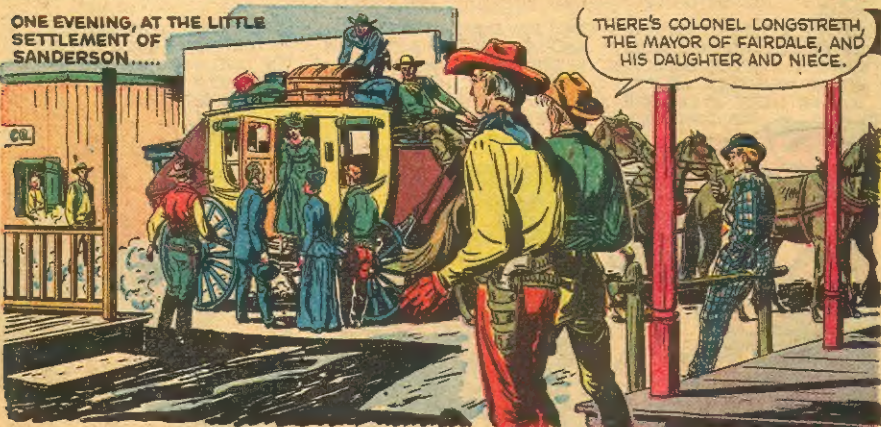
OR LISTENING TO THE TALK OF HONEST RANCHERS.

YES, SUH! THERE'S NO DOUBT THAT
FAIRDALE IS THE WORST OF ALL
TOWNS IN THE BIG BEND.....IT
MIGHT WELL BE CHESELDINE'S
HANGOUT.



ONE EVENING, AT THE LITTLE
SETTLEMENT OF
SANDERSON.....

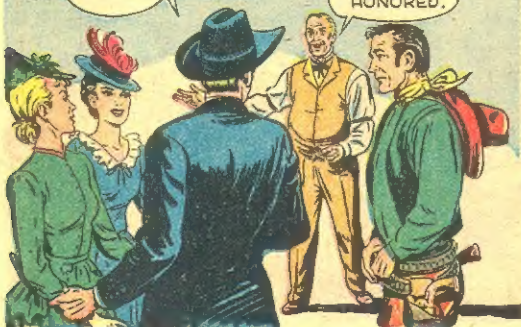
THERE'S COLONEL LONGSTRETH,
THE MAYOR OF FAIRDALE, AND
HIS DAUGHTER AND NIECE.



INNKEEPER! SHOW THE LADIES
TO YOUR BEST ROOM NOW.
I'LL SEE YOU ABOUT MINE
LATER.

YES, SIR, COLONEL
LONGSTRETH! MY
POOR INN IS
GREATLY
HONORED.

HMMM! THE MAYOR OF THE WORST
TOWN IN TEXAS! HE DOESN'T LOOK
THAT BAD, BUT I WONDER--- COULD
HE BE---
CHESELDINE?

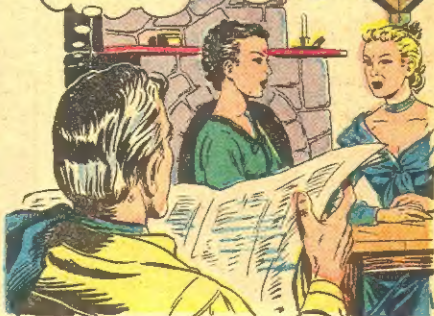


AN HOUR LATER, IN THE INN'S SITTING ROOM.

I FEEL SO STRANGE,
ALMOST FRIGHTENED
IN THIS WILD
COUNTRY,
RAY....

IT'S NEW TO ME, TOO,
RUTH..... FATHER
WOULDN'T LET ME
COME WEST
BEFORE.

I RECKON THOSE GIRLS HAVE SOME
MORE SURPRISES COMING-- BUT THE
DARK HAired ONE, RAY LONGSTRETH
LOOKS TO HAVE THE COURAGE TO
MEET 'EM.



HANDS UP!.....
AND HIGH!

AH-EEEE!

ONE FUNNY MOVE
WILL BE YOUR
LAST! NOW
WHERE'S YOUR
MONEY?

RIGHT HAND
POCKET.....
DON'T SCARE
THE LADIES.

"DON'T SCARE THE LADIES," HUH?
MAYBE IT WOULD BE FUN TO
GIVE 'EM A REAL SCORE---
IF I HAD TIME---
HAW, HAW!



SHELL OUT, GIRL! YOU'VE GOT SOME MONEY--OR JEWELS, I'LL BET!

TAKE YOUR HAND OFF HER, YOU--YOU--ANIMAL!

NO!
NO!



GOOD! HE MISSED THE LITTLE GUN UNDER MY ARM.....WHEN HE GETS OUT OF LINE WITH THE GIRLS, I'LL GO FOR IT REGARDLESS!



FAINTED---
THE SCARY CAT!



WHAT IN THUNDER GOES ON HERE? HANDS OFF, YOU WHELP.....



LIKE A STRIKING SNAKE, BUCK'S HAND WHIPS DOWN AND UP--TO FIRE.....



OH! IS HE DEAD?

NO--- JUST CREASED HIS SKULL---STEADY, MISS LONGSTRETH!



CONFOUNDED OUTRAGE, THIS! BY GEORGE, I'LL HAVE SOMEONE'S SCALP!



MISS RUTH IS MORE FRIGHTENED THAN HURT, I RECKON, LONGSTRETH.



WHERE'S THE HOLDUP
MAN, INNKEEPER?

HIM? OH, HE'S GONE.....
HE CAME TO AND LONG-
STRETH TALKED TO HIM,
THEN HE RODE OFF.

SO.... LONGSTRETH TALKED WITH HIM!
AND LET HIM GO! THAT'S THE
QUEEREST DEAL YET.....

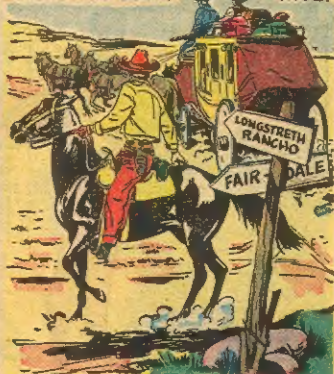


AND, NEXT DAY, ALL THE WAY TO FAIRDALE,
BUCK'S THOUGHT TURNS ON ONE QUESTION.....

I WONDER---COULD COLONEL
LONGSTRETH HIMSELF BE THIS
OUTLAW CHIEF, CHESELDINE?



HOURS LATER, AT THE END OF A
HARD AND DUSTY RIDE.



I HOPE WE GET TO
SEE HER AGAIN,
EH, BULLET.

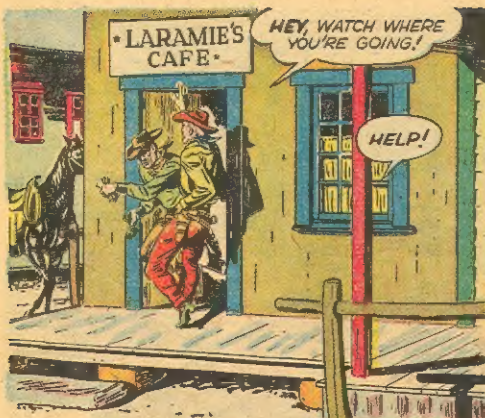


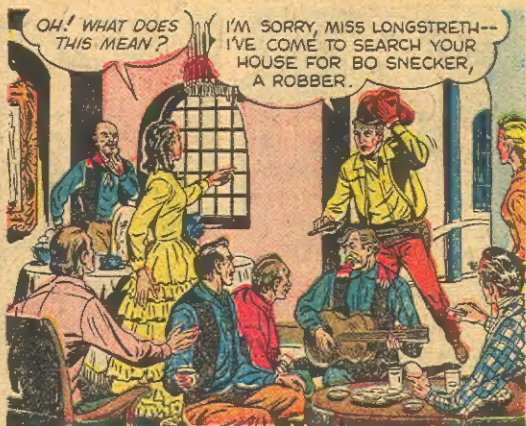
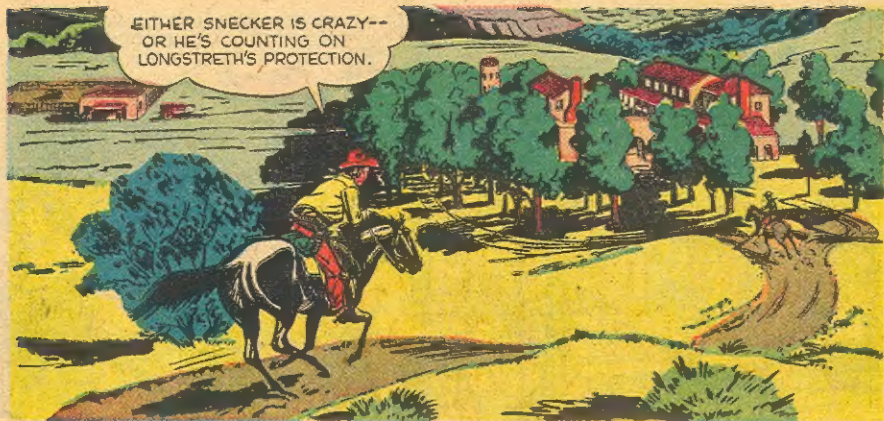
I HAVE A HUNCH THAT RAY
LONGSTRETH IS GOING TO
NEED FRIENDS.



I'LL GET A BITE
TO EAT, AND.....





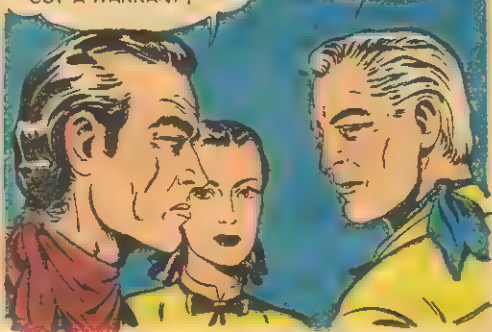


NOBODY CAME IN HERE!
YOU--YOU MUST HAVE
ROBBERS ON THE
BRAIN!

I'LL HANDLE
THIS FELLOW,
RAY!

I'M FLOYD LAWSON, MISS
LONGSTRETH'S COUSIN ...
WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO
BREAK INTO HER PARTY?
GOT A WARRANT?

A TEXAS RANGER
NEEDS NO WARRANT,
LAWSON.

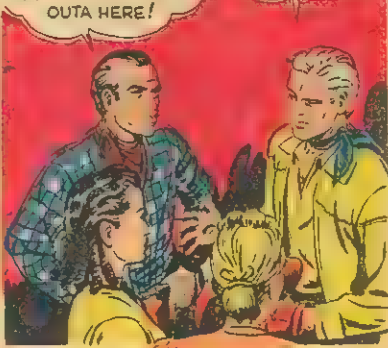


WILL YOU LET ME SEARCH
YOUR HOUSE NOW, MISS
LONGSTRETH? I'M SORRY
ABOUT THE
PARTY, BUT ...

IF YOU'RE A RANGER---
WHY, OF COURSE YOU
CAN SEARCH..... FLOYD
WILL HELP YOU.

ALL RIGHT, RANGER---
LET'S GET OUT OF
HERE AND SEARCH
SO YOU CAN GET
OUTA HERE!

THANKS, MISS!
WE'LL NEED
TO HURRY



BO! BO SNECKER!
HEY, BO!

DO YOU
RECKON
HE'S DEAF,
LAWSON?

HE'S NOT HERE!
COME ON,
RANGER.....

AFTER I
HAVE A
LOOK IN
THIS CLOSET.

I THOUGHT SO!
COME OUT OF
THERE, BO.

HEY,
LAWSON!



TAKE US TO MAYOR LONGSTRETH,
NOW! I AIM TO LAY CHARGES
AND MAKE 'EM STICK!

LAWSON! WHAT'S THE
IDEA OF LETTING
THIS---

SHUT UP
BO!



OKAY, RANGER---I'LL TAKE YOU
TO COLONEL LONGSTRETH....AND
A LOT OF GOOD IT
WILL DO YOU!



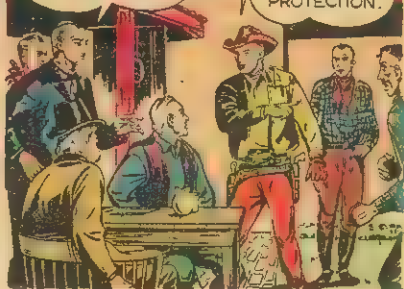
LAWSON! WHAT'S THIS
ABOUT? CAN'T YOU
SEE I'M BUSY?

TEXAS RANGERS
DON'T LIKE TO WAIT,
LONGSTRETH.



FAIRDALE WANTS NO
RANGERS! WE'RE A
LAW-ABIDING TOWN--
AS JUDGE OWENS, HERE,
AND SHERIFF GORSECH
WILL TELL YOU.

IF THEY DO, THEY
LIE, LONGSTRETH!
I'VE LETTERS FROM
FAIRDALE CITIZENS,
BEGGING FOR
RANGER
PROTECTION.



AND I'M ARRESTING THIS MAN FOR ASSAULT
AND ROBBERY OF LARAMIE'S RESTAURANT.
I'M A WITNESS---JUDGE OWENS CAN BOOK
HIM HERE AND NOW---AND THE SHERIFF
CAN LOCK HIM UP....
WITH YOUR PERMISSION,
MAYOR LONGSTRETH!

SA-A-Y!
YOU WON'T..



SPEAK FOR YOUR-
SELF, BO---DID
YOU ROB
LARAMIE?

NAW, 'COURSE NOT, MAYOR!
SOMEBODY I NEVER SEEN
BEFORE CAME IN AND SLUG-
GED LARAMIE WHILE I WAS
EATING. THEN THIS
FOOL RANGER CHASED
ME HERE!



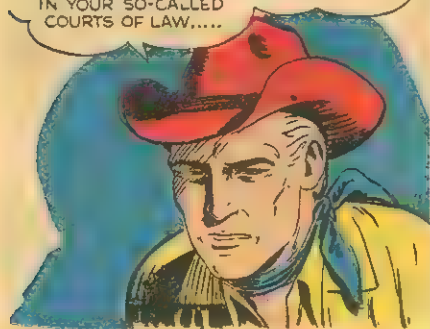
IN THAT CASE, BO SNECKER,
YOU'RE CLEARLY NOT GUILTY.
THE **RANGER** HAS MADE A
MISTAKE--- YOU AGREE,
COLONEL LONGSTRETH?

ABSOLUTELY, JUDGE!
THE CASE IS
DISMISSED.

LONGSTRETH, YOU'VE SHOWN YOUR
HAND! MY REPORT TO THE ADJUTANT
GENERAL IN AJUSTIN WILL QUOTE
THIS **MONKEY COURT**
WORD-FOR-WORD!



WHAT YOU'VE SAID EXPLAINS WHY FAIRDALE'S
A NEST FOR RUSTLERS---WHY YOU'VE NEVER
SENT A PRISONER TO DEL RIO---WHY NO
HONEST CITIZEN APPEARS TO GET A BREAK
IN YOUR SO-CALLED
COURTS OF LAW.....



.....AND WHY CRIMINALS
HEAD FOR REFUGE IN
YOUR HOUSE!

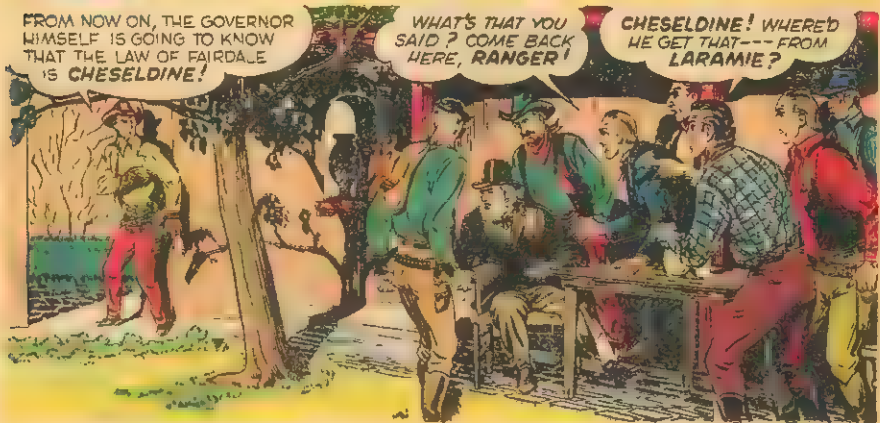
HAW, HAW!

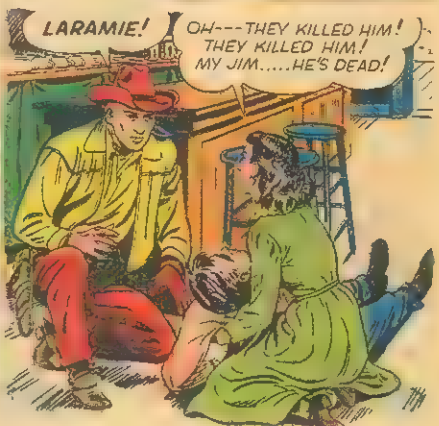
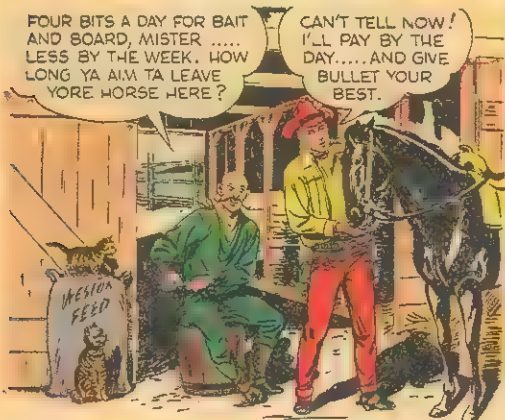
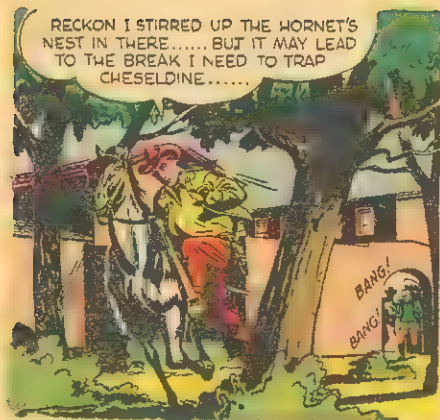


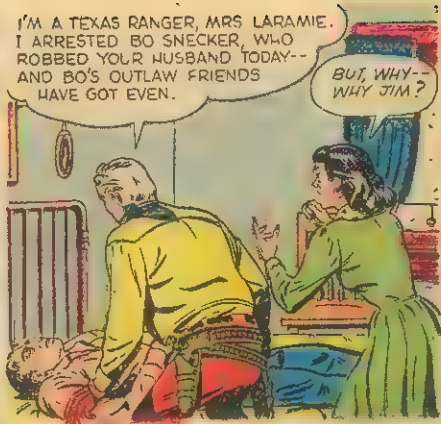
FROM NOW ON, THE GOVERNOR
HIMSELF IS GOING TO KNOW
THAT THE LAW OF FAIRDALE
IS **CHESELDINE!**

WHAT'S THAT YOU
SAID? COME BACK
HERE, **RANGER!**

CHESELDINE! WHERE'D
HE GET THAT--- FROM
LARAMIE?



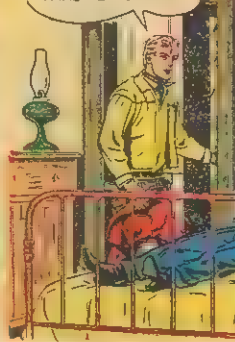




THEY KILLED HIM JUST TO SCARE ANYBODY ELSE WHO MIGHT WANT TO ASK A RANGERS HELP AGAINST THE LAWLESS CROWD THAT RUNS FAIRDALE-- OR ANYBODY WHO'D GIVE ME INFORMATION



I'LL GO AND ASK YOUR NEIGHBORS TO COME IN AND HELP YOU NOW, MRS LARAMIE



IT'S-- NO USE, RANGER! IF A MAN'S MURDERED IN THIS TOWN, NO ONE DARES TO HELP HIS FAMILY.

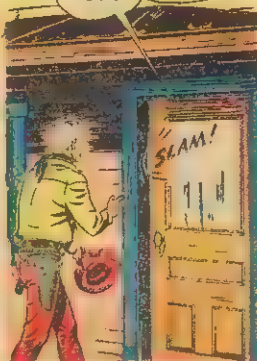


NEVERTHELESS, BUCK TRIES....

JIM LARAMIE HAS JUST BEEN SHOT DEAD BY AN UNKNOWN GUNMAN. WILL YOU FOLKS GO OVER AND HELP HIS WIDOW?



(SORRY,-- I DON'T WANT TO BE MURDERED, TOO!)



ONE NEIGHBOR RESPONDS.

HELP MARTHA LARAMIE? SURE I WILL--AND RIGHT NOW! I'M A WIDOW MYSELF, THANKS TO CHESELDINE'S KILLERS--AND I'VE GOT NOTHING MORE TO LOSE.



UNASSISTED, BUCK DIGS
JIM LARAMIE'S GRAVE.....

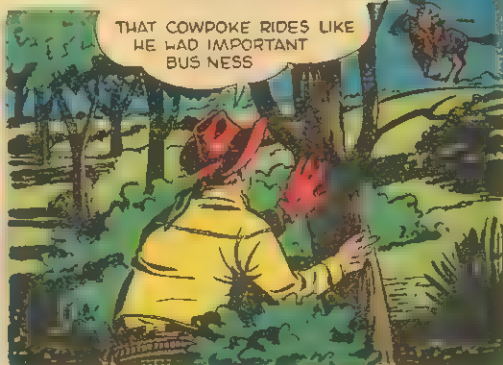
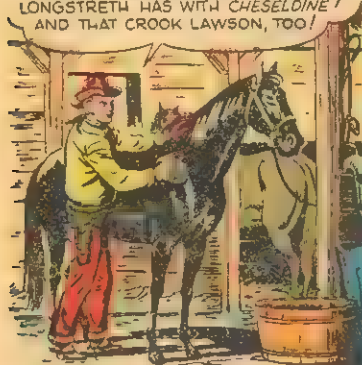
...AND SAYS A PRAYER FOR
THE DEAD MAN'S LITTLE FAMILY.

THEY HAVEN'T DARED TO
AMBUSH ME YET, BULLET,
BUT SOONER OR LATER
THEY WILL, IF WE HANG
AROUND FAIRDALE



BEFORE THAT HAPPENS I AIM TO FIND
OUT JUST WHAT CONNECTION COLONEL
LONGSTRETH HAS WITH CHESELDINE
AND THAT CROOK LAWSON, TOO!

NIGHT FINDS BUCK HIDDEN AMONG THE SHRUB-
BERY, CLOSE TO LONGSTRETH'S HOUSE.



WHO'S
THAT?

ME-- LAWSON! THEY'LL BE
HERE IN A FEW MINUTES,
LONGSTRETH

THEY HIT TOWN AN
HOUR AGO--BLOSSOM
KANE, JIM FLETCHER
AND --

SUIT UP, YOU
FOOL! NAMES
ARE DANGER-
OUS-- EVEN
HERE!



"BLOSSOM KANE--JIM FLETCHER!"
THOSE TWO ARE CLOSE TO MR.
CHESELDINE..... AND FLETCHER
KNOWS ME AS AN OUTLAW
CALLED "DODGE."



IF I CAN LOCATE A
WINDOW, OUT
OF SIGHT.....



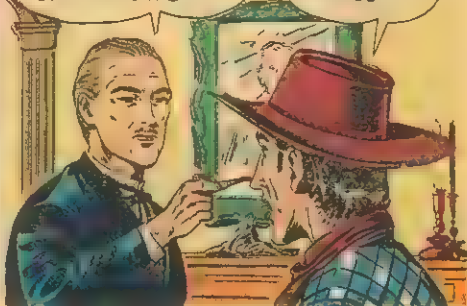
THAT CRACK WILL DO--
I CAN HEAR VOICES
THROUGH IT NOW!



THERE'S LONGSTRETH--AND
LAWSON! THEY BOTH
LOOK MAD.....



THERE'S ANOTHER BONE I
HAVE TO PICK WITH YOU
FLOYD-- WHAT DO YOU
MEAN BY GIVING ORDERS
TO KILL LARAMIE, WITHOUT
CONSULTING ME?



HUMPH! I DON'T
HAVE TO CONSULT
YOU ON EVERY-
THING, JUST
BECAUSE YOU'RE
CHES---

THAT'S ENOUGH! I WARNED
YOU ABOUT NAMING
NAMES!

--UMPH!

LONGSTRETH, I'D KILL YOU
FOR THAT--EXCEPT
FOR ONE THING.



HA, HA, HA! YOU'D NEVER DARE DRAW
ON ME, FLOYD YOU'RE A COWARD! A
BAD MAN THAT I'VE BUILT UP BACKED
AND PLANNED FOR--- BUT WHAT'S THIS
'ONE THING' YOU MENTIONED?



IT'S YOUR DAUGHTER, RAY!
I'VE FALLEN HARD FOR HER!
I'M GOING TO HAVE HER
WHETHER SHE LIKES ME
OR NOT RIGHT NOW!



-- AND I'LL KILL
YOU IF YOU STAND
IN MY WAY,
LONGSTRETH!

THE MEN ARE
HERE, FLOYD!
BETTER LET THEM
IN BEFORE THEY
THINK SOMETHING'S
GONE WRONG.

WHAT'S ALL
THE YELLING
ABOUT,
LAWSON?

NONE OF YOUR
BUSINESS---
COME IN!

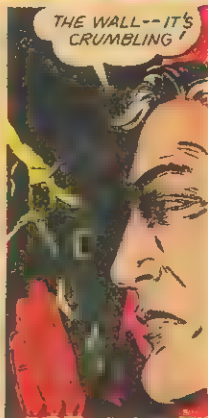


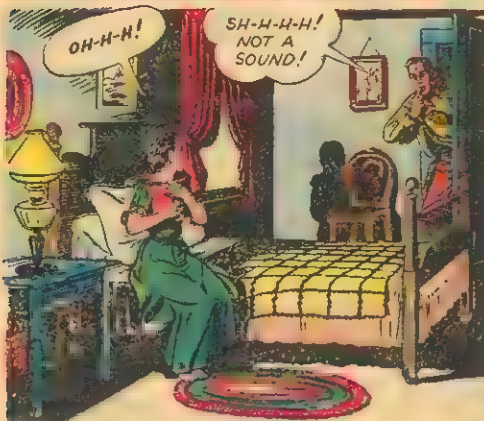
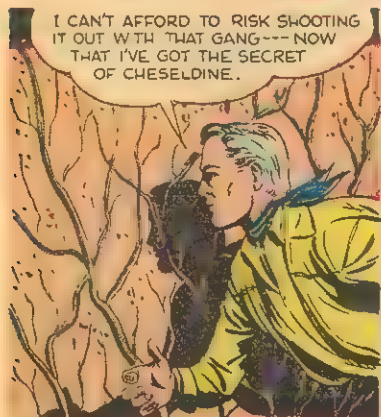
GATHER AROUND THIS TABLE,
MEN, AND TALK LOW!

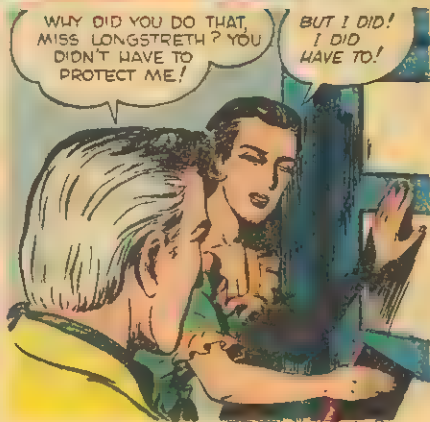
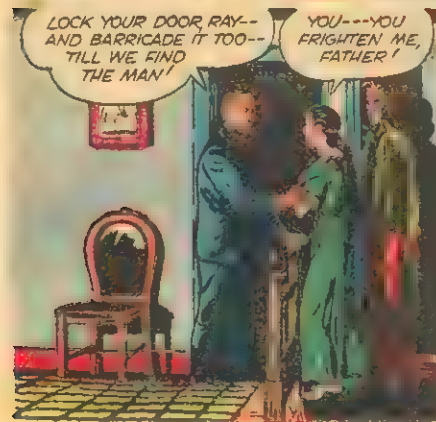
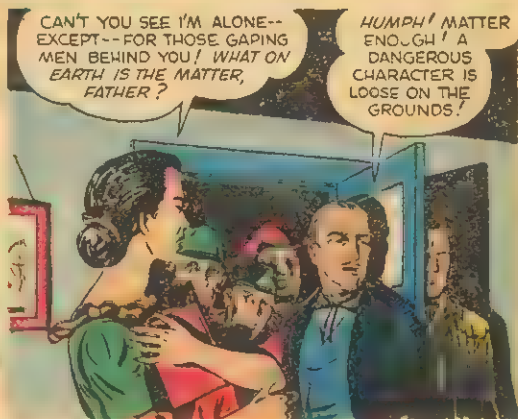
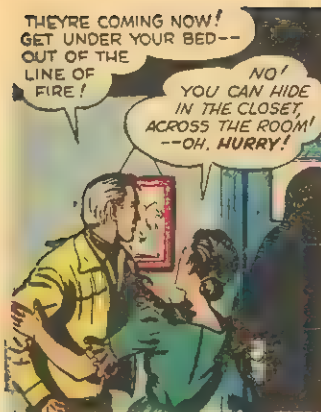
OKAY,
LONGSTRETH.

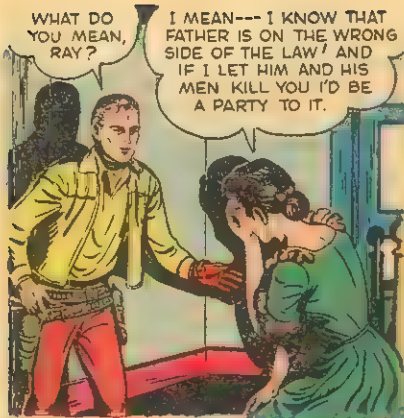
THIS JOB HAS TO BE CAREFULLY
PLANNED---TO SUCCEED I'LL
NEED ALL OUR TOP MEN TO
MEET ME AT THE CAMP ON
THE TWENTY-FIRST

THE WALL--IT'S
CRUMBLING!



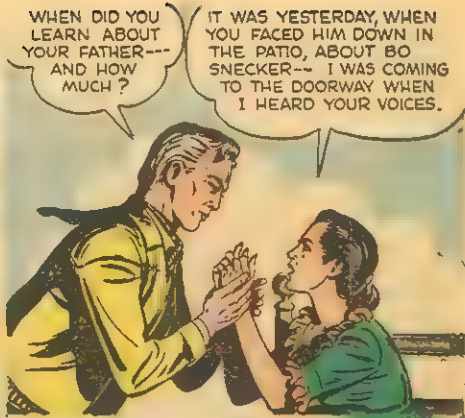






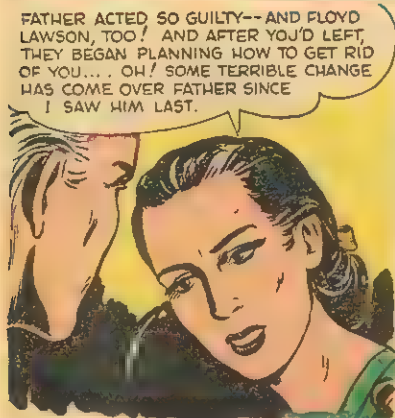
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, RAY?

I MEAN--- I KNOW THAT FATHER IS ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE LAW! AND IF I LET HIM AND HIS MEN KILL YOU I'D BE A PARTY TO IT.



WHEN DID YOU LEARN ABOUT YOUR FATHER--- AND HOW MUCH?

IT WAS YESTERDAY, WHEN YOU FACED HIM DOWN IN THE PATIO, ABOUT 80 SNECKER--- I WAS COMING TO THE DOORWAY WHEN I HEARD YOUR VOICES.



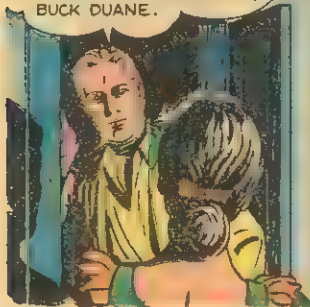
FATHER ACTED SO GUILTY--AND FLOYD LAWSON, TOO! AND AFTER YOU'D LEFT, THEY BEGAN PLANNING HOW TO GET RID OF YOU... OH! SOME TERRIBLE CHANGE HAS COME OVER FATHER SINCE I SAW HIM LAST.



I DON'T KNOW YOU--NOT EVEN YOUR NAME--BUT I TRUST YOU, RANGER! FOR MY SAKE, PROMISE THAT YOU WON'T EVER KILL HIM EXCEPT TO SAVE YOUR LIFE!

I WON'T KILL HIM--FOR YOUR SAKE, MISS..... NOT EVEN TO SAVE MY LIFE!

BUT ONE OF THESE DAYS IT'LL BE MY DUTY AS A RANGER TO ARREST COLONEL LONGSTRETH, AS THE LEADER OF THIS STATE'S WORST OUTLAW GANG. GOOD-BYE, AND THANKS! AND THE NAME'S, BUCK DUANE.



BUCK DUANE! I WONDER--WHEN I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN-- AND WHERE?



THAT GIRL IS A THOROUGHbred --AND SHE'LL NEED ALL HER COURAGE TO FACE WHAT'S AHEAD! I'D LIKE TO HELP HER, BUT DON'T SEE HOW I CAN...



REACHING TOWN UNNOTICED,
BUCK HEADS STRAIGHT FOR
THE LIVERY STABLE.

WELL, BULLET, WE'VE
GOT A LONG RIDE
TONIGHT

WE'LL FOLLOW JIM
FLETCHER BACK TO
ORD, WHERE HE HANGS
OUT. HE'LL BE ALONG
THIS ROAD ANY
MINUTE, I
RECKON.

THERE HE GOES! WE'LL
WAIT TILL HE'S OUT
OF SIGHT ...

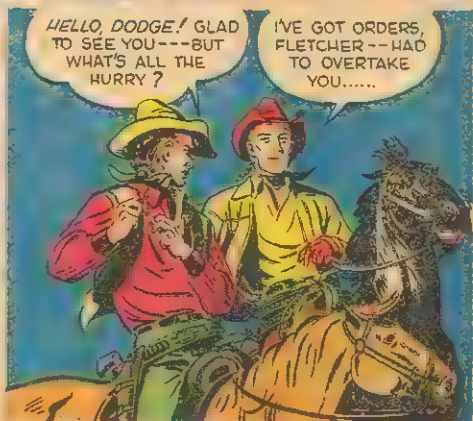


FLETCHER!
JIM FLETCHER--
WAIT!



HELLO, DODGE! GLAD
TO SEE YOU---BUT
WHAT'S ALL THE
HURRY?

I'VE GOT ORDERS,
FLETCHER--HAD
TO OVERTAKE
YOU.....



ORDERS FROM CHESELDINE?
SO YOU'RE ONE OF US NOW!
WHAT D'YOU WANT?

JUST FOR YOU TO
PUT ME ON THE
TRAIL TO THE
CAMP, BACK OF ORD.
I CAN'T WASTE TIME
LOOKING FOR IT

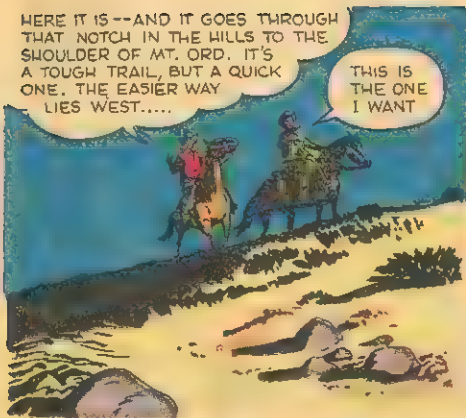


SURE! THE TRAIL STARTS
HALF A MILE UP AHEAD.
I'M GOING RIGHT BY IT.



HERE IT IS--AND IT GOES THROUGH THAT NOTCH IN THE HILLS TO THE SHOULDER OF MT. ORD. IT'S A TOUGH TRAIL, BUT A QUICK ONE. THE EASIER WAY LIES WEST....

THIS IS THE ONE I WANT



I'M MIGHTY GLAD YOU MADE THE GRADE WITH CHESELDINE, DODGE! SEE YOU LATER---I WON'T BE AT THE CAMP THIS TRIP, THOUGH.

¡ASTA LA VISTA, THEN! ORDERS ARE--TELL NO ONE YOU MET ME.



POOR JIM FLETCHER! THERE'S A LOT LIKE HIM--MEN GONE WRONG BUT NOT BAD.... AND ONE DAY THEY'LL FILL A CRIMINAL'S GRAVE. I WAS ONE OF 'EM, NOT LONG AGO!



DARKNESS FINDS BUCK CAMPING IN A WILD MOUNTAIN GORGE



AT DAWN HE TAKES THE TRAIL AFOOT.

THERE'S WATER AND GRASS IN THERE FOR YOU BULLET. I'LL BE BACK BEFORE LONG



TWO HOURS LATER.....

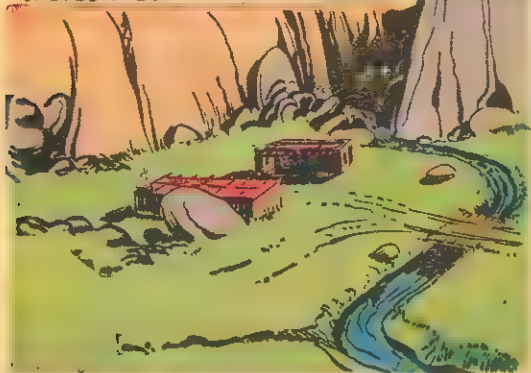
I RECKON THIS IS THE DIVIDE. IT'LL BE ALL DOWN HILL TO CAMP.



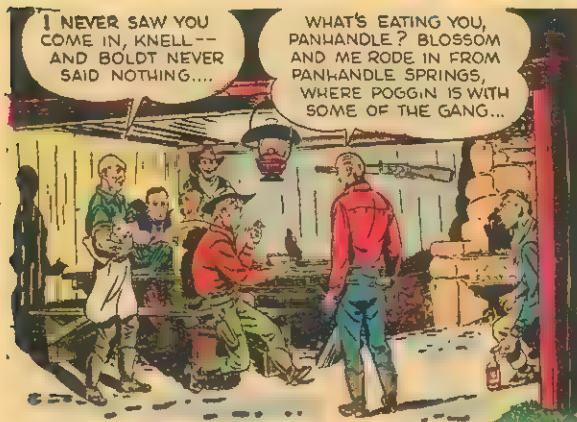
THAT MUST BE IT AND WHAT A SPOT FOR A HIDEOUT!



A TINY, GREEN, ROCK-WALLED GULCH--
CHESELDINE'S MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT.....



AS NIGHT SHROUDS THE VALLEY,
BUCK MOVES TOWARDS THE CABIN.



.. AIN'T THAT RIGHT, KNELL,
LONGSTRETH?

POGGIN,
BLOSSOM,
KANE, PANHANDLE
SMITH, BOLDT AND
LONGSTRETH--I KNOW
THEM ALL BY SIGHT
OR BY REPUTATION.



PASS THESE CIGARS AROUND,
PANHANDLE. KNELL AND I
ARE GOING INSIDE FOR
A TALK.

OKAY,
BOSS

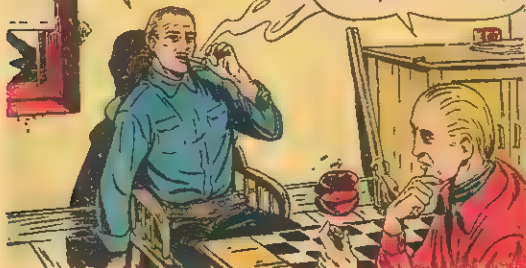


NOW FOR THE NEW JOB. AFTER YOU
RETURN TO ORD, GIVE POGGIN THESE
ORDERS, KNELL.



YOU AND POGGIN, BOLDT, PANHANDLE, FLETCHER, BUT NO ONE ELSE, ARE IN ON THIS ONE. AT TWO O'CLOCK ON THE 26th YOU'LL CLEAN OUT THE VAL VERDE BANK. IT'LL BE A DAYLIGHT JOB.

THAT MEANS, WE'LL RIDE FROM ORD ON THE 23rd RIGHT, LONGSTRETH?

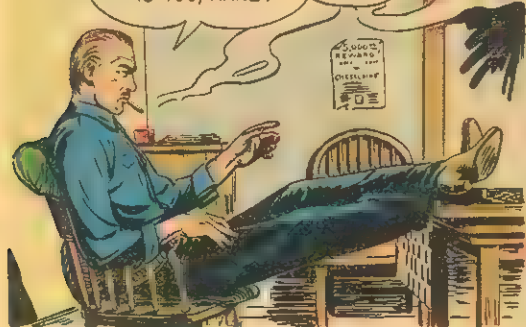


---NOW YOU'VE GOT THE DETAILS, KANE! ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT?

YES! WHO'S THIS RANGER THAT'S BEEN HORSEING AROUND FAIRDALE? WHAT'S HE LOOK LIKE?



HE'S A RANGY, POWERFUL MAN, WHITE HAIR OVER HIS TEMPLES, HARD FACE, EYES LIKE KNIVES, PACKS HIS GUNS LOW DOWN. THAT PICTURE MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU, KANE?



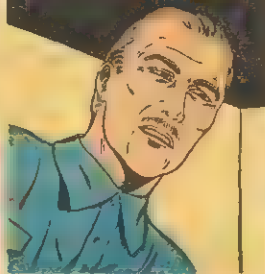
YES! I KNOW HIM-- BUT NOT AS A RANGER! HE'S THE TWO-SHOT, ACE-OF-SPADES, GUN-THROWER WHO KILLED BLAND, AND HOLLOWAY, AND MY PARD, HARDING! HE'S---



NOT BUCK DUANE?

YES! BUCK DUANE'S HERE IN THE BIG BEND AND ON OUR TRAIL, I'LL WAGER! BUT I'LL GET HIM-- OR DIE TRYING!

DON'T TRY IT, KANE! I CAN'T SPARE YOU! LET THE GANG CORNER DUANE AND BURN HIM DOWN-- THE ONLY SAFE WAY!

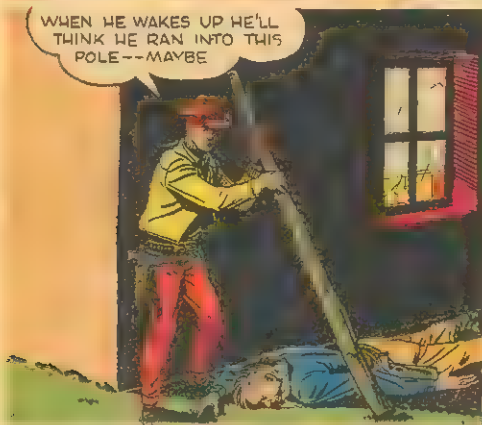


SOMEBODY COMING AROUND THE CORNER-- NO TIME TO DODGE HIM!

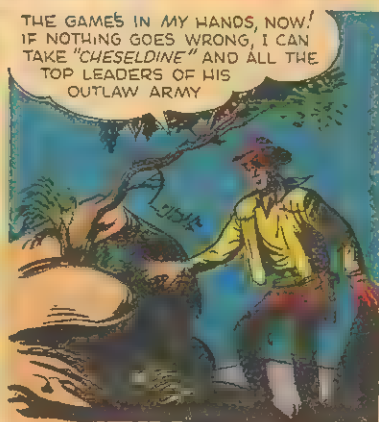




I DON'T KNOW THIS ONE!
MUST BE THE
SIXTH MAN



WHEN HE WAKES UP HE'LL
THINK HE RAN INTO THIS
POLE--MAYBE

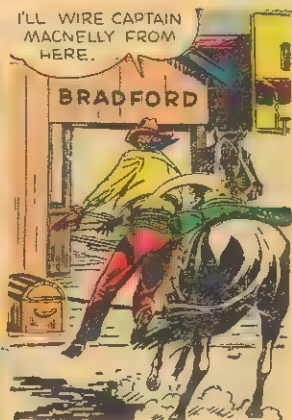


THE GAMES IN MY HANDS, NOW!
IF NOTHING GOES WRONG, I CAN
TAKE "CHESELDINE" AND ALL THE
TOP LEADERS OF HIS
OUTLAW ARMY

BY THE RED LIGHT OF DAWN,
BUCK RETURNS TO SADDLE
BULLET....

....AND RIDE AT BREAK-
NECK PACE FOR THE
RAILROAD STATION....

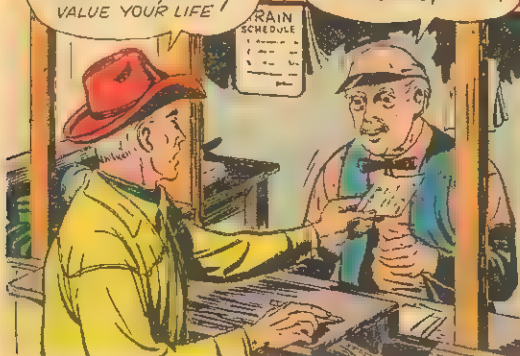
I'LL WIRE CAPTAIN
MACNELLY FROM
HERE.



READ THIS--THEN,
SEND IT OUT AT ONCE!
KEEP MUM, IF YOU
VALUE YOUR LIFE!

TO CAPTAIN MACNELLY,
OF THE TEXAS
RANGERS, RIGHT?

NOW, BULLET--BACK TO ORD,
TO MEET KNELL AND POGGIN--
AND MAYBE THE OTHERS.



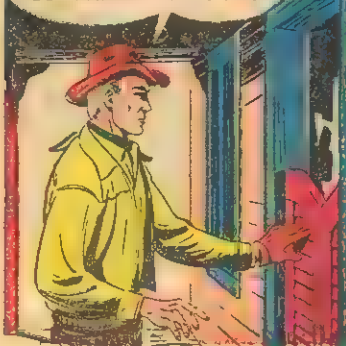
ONLY KNELL KNOWS ME ---HE'LL DRAW
FIRST! IF I CAN WHITTLE DOWN THE
GANG BY EVEN ONE MAN, MACNELLY
WILL HAVE LESS TO DO.



THEY'LL BE IN THERE,
PROBABLY



THERE'S FLETCHER, KNELL, AND
POGGIN-- POGGIN'S THE ONE
MOST LIKELY TO KILL ME--
BUT I'VE GOT TO RISK IT!

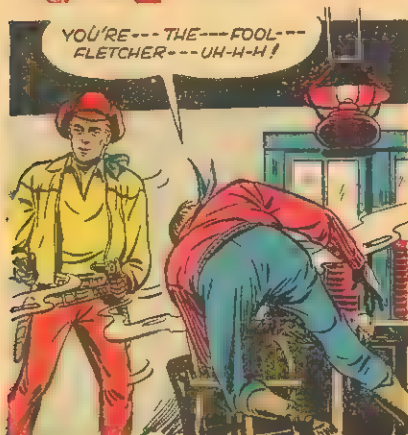
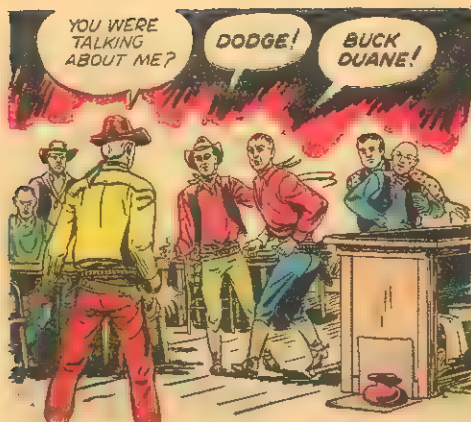


I TELL YOU, KNELL,
DODGE CAN'T BE BUCK
DUANE OR A RANGER!
HE HAD ORDERS DIRECT
FROM CHESELDINE.

HE NEVER SAW
CHESELDINE! HE
MADE A FOOL OF
YOU, FLETCHER!

KNELL'S
RIGHT,
FLETCHER!





FOR A NIGHT AND A DAY BUCK SLEEPS IN THE MESQUITE-- TWO MILES FROM LONGSTRETH'S HOUSE.



NEXT DAY--AS ANGRY VOICES RISE FROM LONGSTRETH'S PATIO.....

YOU'RE DRUNK, LAWSON! AND I WARN YOU-- QUIT PESTERING RAY WITH YOUR --ER--ATTENTIONS, OR I'M THROUGH WITH YOU! UNDERSTAND?

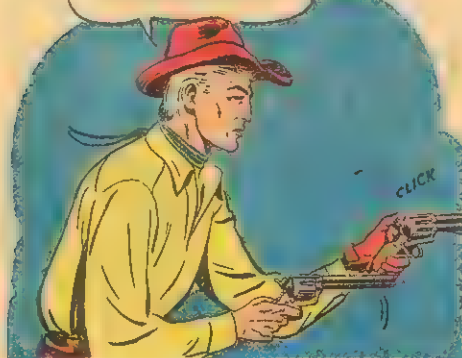
SO YOU THINK YOU'RE DONE WITH ME, LONGSTRETH! DON'T FOOL YOURSELF, CHESELDINE!



YOU'RE BOTH DONE, GENTLEMEN! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! WHO-- WHAT DO YOU--?



DON'T MOVE--NOT A MUSCLE-- NOT A FINGER, LAWSON! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE!



BLAST YOU, RANGER! I DON'T NEED A BREAK TO KILL--

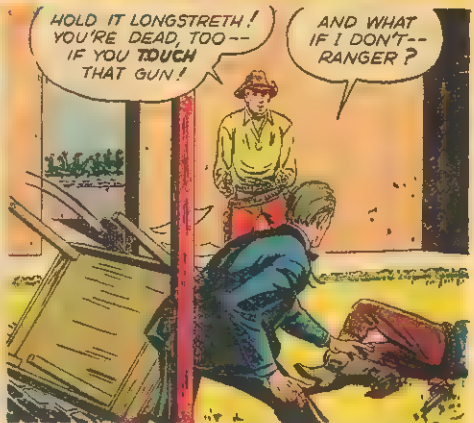


YOU FOOL, LAWSON! I SAID YOU WERE DONE!

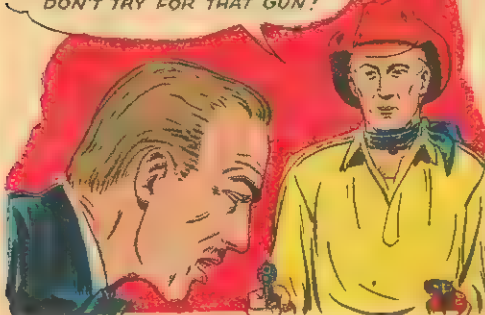


HOLD IT LONGSTRETH! YOU'RE DEAD, TOO-- IF YOU TOUCH THAT GUN!

AND WHAT IF I DON'T-- RANGER?



IF YOU GIVE UP, NOW, I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT, CHESELDINE! FOR YOUR DAUGHTER'S SAKE I'LL TRY TO GET YOU PARDONED, ON CONDITION YOU LEAVE THIS COUNTRY FOR GOOD IF NOT-- DON'T TRY FOR THAT GUN!



ALL RIGHT, DUANE. I GIVE YOU--MY WORD!



A BULLET WOULD BE MORE FITTING, IF IT WEREN'T FOR RAY!

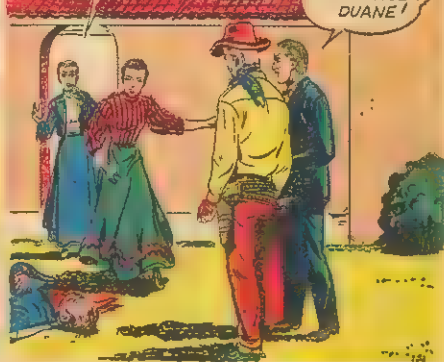
STEADY! HERE COME THE GIRLS! GET UP AND TELL THEM!



IT'S-- COUSIN FLOYD!

FATHER! IS HE--?

YES! RAY! HE DREW ON RANGER DUANE!



AND YOU, FATHER?

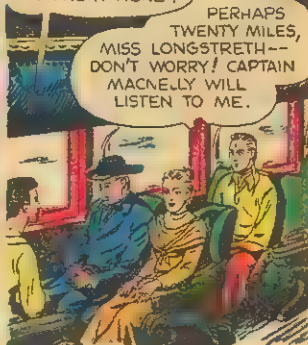
I'M UNDER ARREST! I'VE PLAYED A CROOKED GAME TOO LONG, CHILD! THIS--HAD TO COME--!

THE MORNING OF THE 26th ON A TRAIN THAT HAS LEFT BRADFORD HOURS AGO.....



WE'LL MEET YOUR RANGER CAPTAIN AT VAL VERDE, MR DUANE? HOW FAR IS IT FROM HERE?

PERHAPS TWENTY MILES, MISS LONGSTRETH-- DON'T WORRY! CAPTAIN MACNELLY WILL LISTEN TO ME.



LOOK, LONGSTRETH! RECOGNIZE
THOSE MEN? AT TWO O'CLOCK
THEY'LL BE RIDING UP TO
THE VAL VERDE BANK.....

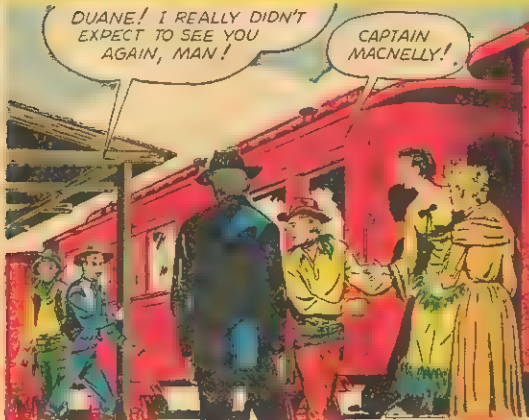
.. AND INTO A RANGER
TRAP! THERE'S POGGIN,
BOLDT, KANE, SMITH--
AND FLETCHER...

ONLY KELL IS MISSING!
MAY GOD HAVE MERCY
ON THEIR SOULS--AND
ON MINE!



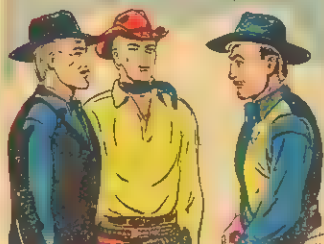
DUANE! I REALLY DIDN'T
EXPECT TO SEE YOU
AGAIN, MAN!

CAPTAIN
MACNELLY!



CAPTAIN-- THIS IS **CHESELDINE!**
I WOULD LIKE TO DISCUSS HIS
CAPTURE AND FUTURE, WITH YOU,
IN PRIVATE, IF
I MAY!

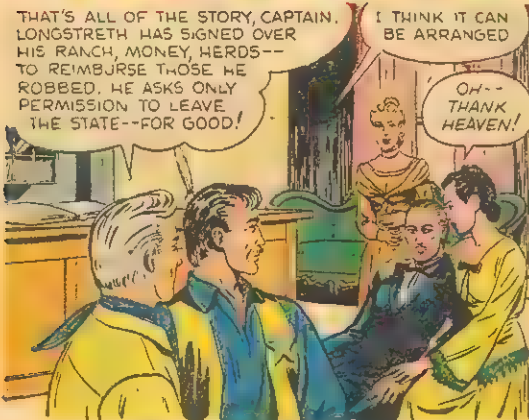
WELL, AS YOU
WISH, DUANE!



THAT'S ALL OF THE STORY, CAPTAIN.
LONGSTRETH HAS SIGNED OVER
HIS RANCH, MONEY, HERDS--
TO REIMBURSE THOSE HE
ROBBED. HE ASKS ONLY
PERMISSION TO LEAVE
THE STATE--FOR GOOD!

I THINK IT CAN
BE ARRANGED

OH--
THANK
HEAVEN!

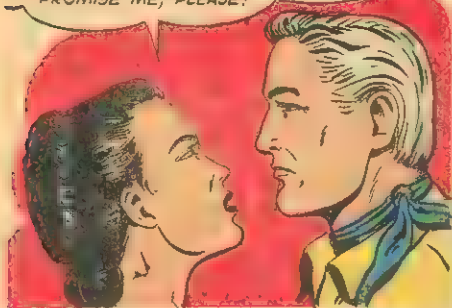


BUCK DUANE, I--WE CAN NEVER
THANK YOU ENOUGH! WILL YOU
DO ME ONE VERY GREAT FAVOR?
JUST ONE MORE?

YES, IF I
CAN, RAY!



THEN--DON'T EXPOSE YOURSELF IN THE CAPTURE--OR KILLING OF THOSE MEN WHO'LL BE COMING TO ROB THE VAL VERDE BANK! YOUR LIFE MEANS TOO MUCH TO ME--TO US--TO THE RANGER SERVICE! PROMISE ME, PLEASE!



MISS LONGSTRETH IS RIGHT, BUCK! YOU'VE REDEEMED YOUR OLD OUTLAW RECORD A DOZEN TIMES OVER! I'LL GIVE YOU NO ORDERS TODAY, BUT-- DON'T RISK YOUR LIFE, FOR HER SAKE!

THANKS, CAPTAIN-- BUT *THAT*-- I CAN NOT PROMISE!

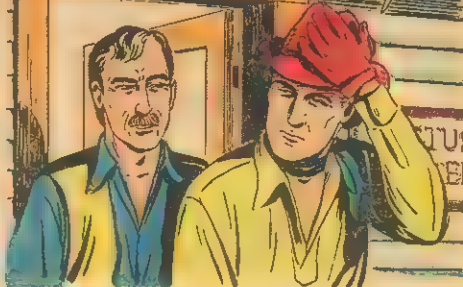


IT'S ONE O'CLOCK, CAPTAIN! TIME TO GET YOUR MEN IN POSITION-- I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN, RAY--- GOD WILLING!



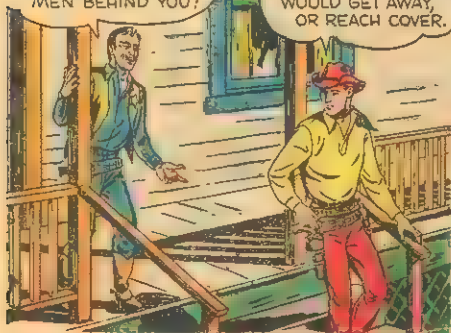
WHERE DO YOU AIM TO BE WHEN THE SHOW STARTS, BUCK?

INSIDE THE BANK, FACING THE DOOR. IT WILL SAVE LIVES, MACNELLY--RANGER LIVES-- TO STOP THE GANG THERE!

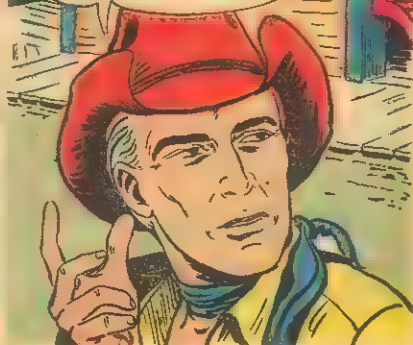


BUT-- *THAT'S SUICIDE!* POGGIN ALONE IS A MATCH FOR YOU, BUCK-- UNLESS I MASS MY MEN BEHIND YOU!

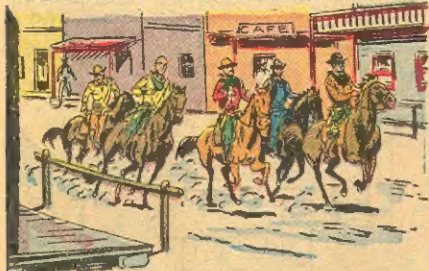
NO! MORE THAN ONE MAN IN SIGHT WOULD SPOOK THEM, AND SOME WOULD GET AWAY, OR REACH COVER.



KEEP YOUR BOYS HIDDEN, CAPTAIN, TILL I OPEN FIRE. I'LL GET OVER TO THE BANK NOW.



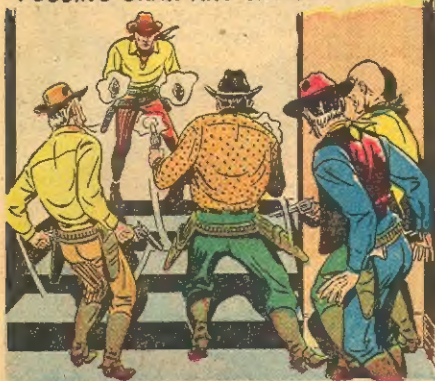
**RIGHT ON THE STROKE OF TWO O'CLOCK,
CHESELDINE'S TOP GUNMEN ARRIVE.....**



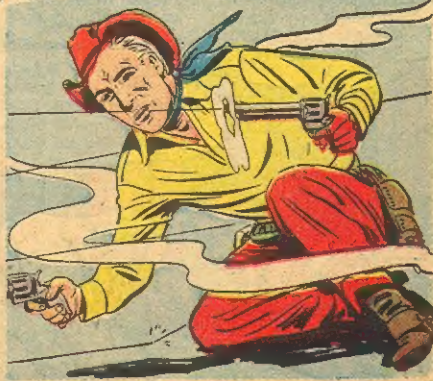
**WITH FLETCHER LEFT TO HOLD THE HORSES,
THE OUTLAWS CROSS THE EMPTY STREET....**



**SWIFTER THAN EYE CAN FOLLOW IS
POGGIN'S DRAW AND SHOT.....**



**HARD HIT, BUCK DUANE TRIGGER!
HIS ROARING GUNS.....**



...UNTIL THE SHOCK OF
BULLETS BRINGS HIM DOWN,
DOWN, INTO THE DARKNESS....



THREE DAYS LATER....

HELLO, DUANE! IT'S RAY
AND MACNELLY....



BUCK, CAN YOU
HEAR ME?

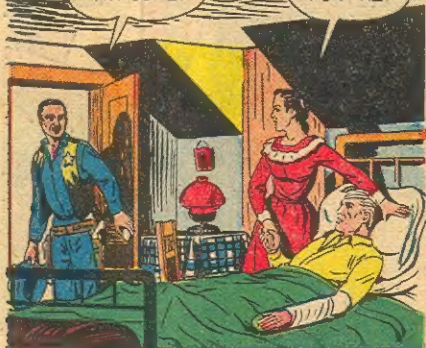
RAY--MAC--
DID POGGIN--?

POGGIN IS
DEAD, AFTER
KILLING TWO
OF MY RANGERS....
HE WAS A TIGER, SHOT
TO PIECES YET OUT-
LASTING THE OTHER
THREE. FLETCHER
ALONE ESCAPED.



I'LL LEAVE HIM WITH
YOU, MISS LONGSTRETH.
HE'LL RECOVER NOW,
I'M SURE!

HE'S GOT
TO--
CAPTAIN--
FOR ME!



BUCK--YOU FACED
THEM ALONE! BUT
I'LL NEVER LET YOU
BE ALONE AGAIN--
UNDERSTAND ME?

I RECKON SO, RAY--
BUT I'D BE NO GOOD
TO YOU, ALL SHOT
UP-- A CRIPPLE!
I MAY NEVER BE
ABLE TO WORK!



YOU'LL NOT BE LAYED UP LONG, MY DEAR--
THOUGH IF YOU WERE, I'D WANT YOU JUST
THE SAME! ... THAT IS-- IF YOU COULD PUT
UP WITH THE DAUGHTER.
OF CHESELDINE!

COULD I! MAYBE
I'M STILL OUT OF MY
HEAD, BUT SINCE I FIRST
MET YOU--I'VE DREAMED,
THAT WE'D BE RIDING--



--RIDING THE SAME TRAIL
TOGETHER, RAY---RIGHT
DOWN TO THE LAST
ROUND-UP!

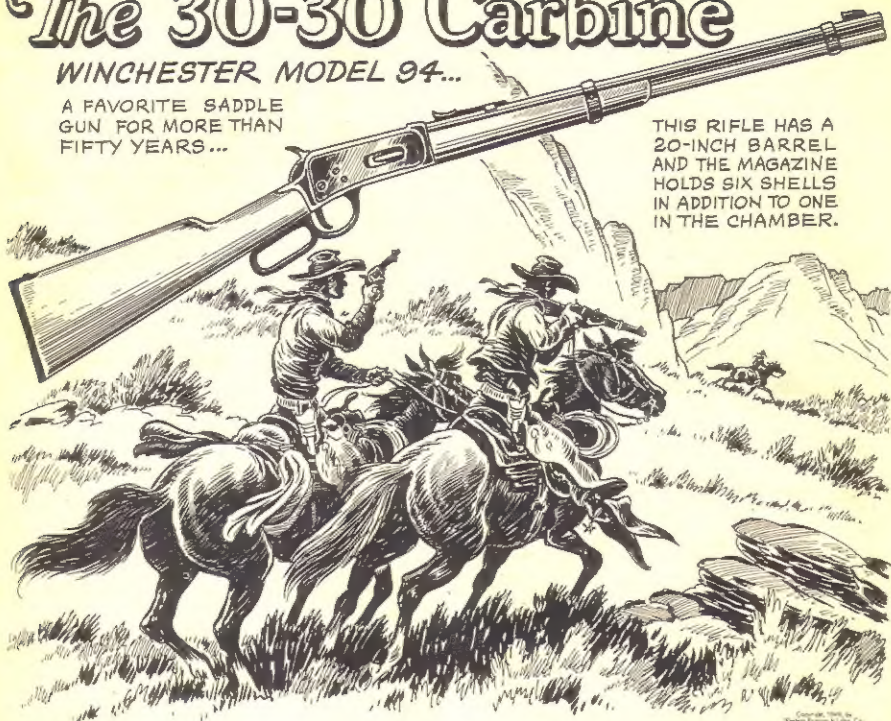


The 30-30 Carbine

WINCHESTER MODEL 94...

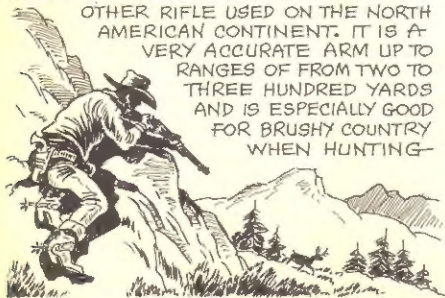
A FAVORITE SADDLE
GUN FOR MORE THAN
FIFTY YEARS...

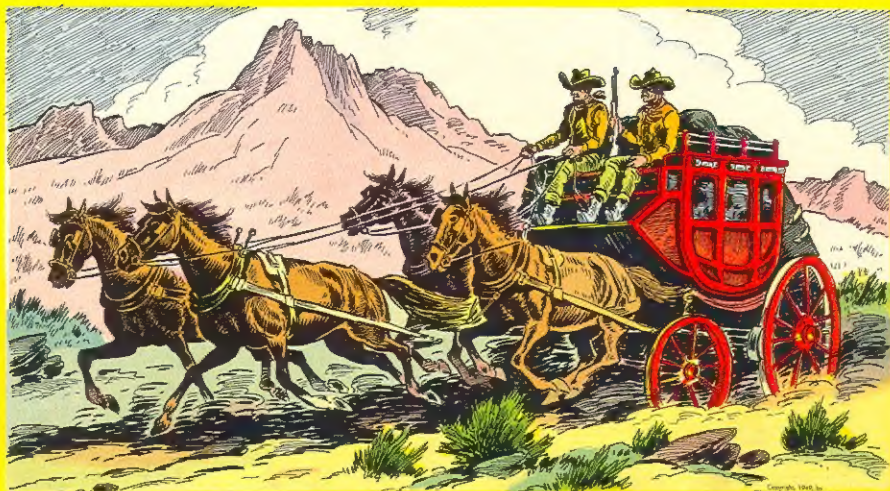
THIS RIFLE HAS A
20-INCH BARREL
AND THE MAGAZINE
HOLDS SIX SHELLS
IN ADDITION TO ONE
IN THE CHAMBER.



THE MAIN REASON FOR THE IMMENSE POPULARITY OF THE "THIRTY-THIRTY" IS THE FACT THAT IT IS A SHORT, LIGHT, HANDY RIFLE. IT IS EASY TO CARRY ON A SADDLE, AND HAS RANGE AND SHOCKING POWER FAR BEYOND THE SIX-SHOOTER. ALMOST EVERY COWBOY, WESTERN SHERIFF, AND PEACE OFFICER OWNS ONE OF THESE GUNS. IT IS CLAIMED THAT THE "THIRTY-THIRTY" HAS KILLED MORE GAME THAN ANY OTHER RIFLE USED ON THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT. IT IS A VERY ACCURATE ARM UP TO RANGES OF FROM TWO TO THREE HUNDRED YARDS AND IS ESPECIALLY GOOD FOR BRUSHY COUNTRY WHEN HUNTING—

DEER AND BLACK BEAR. IN THE HANDS OF AN EXPERT SHOT, IT CAN BE USED SUCCESSFULLY ON ELK, MOOSE, AND OTHER LARGE GAME. THERE SEEMS TO BE NO ACCEPTED METHOD OF HANGING THIS RIFLE ON A HORSE. THE COWBOY USUALLY CARRIES HIS SCABBARD ON THE NEAR SIDE WITH THE STOCK POINTING BACKWARDS, THE REASON FOR THIS BEING THAT IT IS OUT OF THE WAY IN CASE THE COWBOY HAS SOME ROPING TO DO... IN ADDITION TO THE "THIRTY-THIRTY," THIS SAME RIFLE IS CHAMBERED FOR THE 25-35 AND 32 WINCHESTER SPECIAL. HOWEVER THE 30-30 IS THE MOST POPULAR SHELL, PROBABLY BECAUSE IT MAY BE OBTAINED ALMOST ANYWHERE. THIS CARTRIDGE HAS A VELOCITY OF 2200 FEET PER SECOND WHEN LOADED WITH A 170 GRAIN BULLET.





The STAGECOACH

THE FASTEST METHOD OF TRAVEL IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WEST WAS BY STAGECOACH. THE LONGEST AND MOST FAMOUS OF THESE STAGE LINES WAS THE JOHN BUTTERFIELD OVERLAND MAIL WHICH WAS STARTED IN THE 1850'S. IT EXTENDED FROM ST. LOUIS AND MEMPHIS AT ITS EASTERN POINT TO SAN FRANCISCO IN THE WEST AND PASSED THROUGH NEARLY THREE THOUSAND MILES OF PRAIRIE, PLAINS, RUGGED MOUNTAINS, AND DESOLATE DESERT COUNTRY. THE TRIP TOOK TWENTY-FIVE DAYS OF CONSTANT DAY AND NIGHT TRAVEL, STOPPING ABOUT EVERY TEN TO TWENTY MILES TO CHANGE HORSES. THESE HORSES WERE USUALLY PRETTY WILD AND WERE SELECTED SOLELY FOR THEIR SPEED AND STAMINA. FOUR-HORSE TEAMS WERE USED, EXCEPT IN MOUNTAIN COUNTRY, AND

THEN A SIX-HORSE HITCH WAS HOOKED UP. THESE COACHES WERE SLUNG ON HEAVY LEATHER SPRINGS

AND, WHEN FULLY LOADED, WOULD CARRY ABOUT NINE PASSENGERS IN ADDITION TO THE MAIL SACKS. PASSENGERS WERE ALLOWED ONLY FORTY POUNDS OF PERSONAL LUGGAGE. THE MAIL SACKS WERE CARRIED ON THE BACK OF THE COACH IN A HEAVY LEATHER "BOOT." DUE TO A GOVERNMENT CONTRACT THE MAIL ALWAYS CAME FIRST AND, WHEN IT WAS EXCEPTIONALLY HEAVY, PASSENGERS WERE OFTEN UNLOADED AND FORCED TO WAIT FOR



A LATER STAGE. INDIAN ATTACKS WERE A FREQUENT OCCURRENCE AND WHEN THIS HAPPENED, THE PASSENGERS ALWAYS JOINED IN THE FIGHT. LARGE CARGOES OF GOLD WERE OFTEN CARRIED FROM THE CALIFORNIA "DIGGINGS" AND GUN GUARDS RODE THE COACHES TO PROTECT THEM FROM THE HIGHWAYMEN AND BANDITS WHO WERE A CONSTANT MENACE. THE BUTTERFIELD LINE USED ABOUT FIFTEEN HUNDRED HEAD OF HORSES AND MULES AND EMPLOYED NEARLY EIGHT HUNDRED MEN—STAGE DRIVERS, GUN GUARDS, AND STATION KEEPERS. THE LINE WAS DISCONTINUED WHEN THE RAILROAD FINALLY CONNECTED THE EAST AND WEST.

